MRS. PRICE'S STORY.

Terrible Scene of the Massacre Recounted.

ESCAPE TO THE SAGE BRUSH AND RECAPTURE

Curious Picture of Indian Savagery and Childishness.

REDSKIN RESPECT FOR A BRAVE SQUAW

The Journey Over the Mountains--Drudgery and Sympathy.

A WOMAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE CHIEFS

Narrow Escape from Treachery on the Journey Homeward.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

DENVER, Col., Oct. 31, 1879.

A continuous throng of callers visited the late Indian captives to-day, among them the most prominent people of the Territory, and offers of assistance were tendered from every direction. Photographers and reporters were on hand in force. Two authors wanted to write a book giving a history of the massacre and negotiate for the sale and exclusive right of publishing the only true account. An ex-minstrel man made liberal offers to Miss Josephine to lecture. He said he could teach her any little points necessary for a début. The party will go to their home at Greeley to-morrow if Mrs. Meeker is able to leave her bed. Mrs. Price has given your correspondent a full and detailed statement of her experience among the Indians. Her two babies are objects of much curiosity, and people wonder how they could have survived. The Indians were sorry to see them leave, and offered the mother three ponies apiece for them. They are remarkably fine looking children. One is eighteen months and the other two years and a half old. They broiled the meats given them on sticks with the Indian boys, and sang songs with the pappooses.

MRS. PRICE'S STATEMENT.

Mrs. Price's statement is as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

My name is Flora Ellen Price. I was born in Adams county, near Quincy, Ill., and was married when I was twelve years old to Mr. Price. I was married in Wyoming, and moved to Nevada, where I saw much of the Shoshone Indians. I went from Nevada to Girard, Kansas, and thence to Greeley, with my husband, and thence to White River, where he was employed as a farmer for the agency. At first the Indians were very kind. They came in to see us, and their squaws would pick up my children and make much of them. With the exception of Johnson and two or three other chiefs they didn't seem to be pleased with the agent. The trouble grew out of the ploughing and the various improvements. My husband said the agency employés told him that the agent was shot at by some young Indians there, and the agent said so himself when they were talking it over in the room one evening. It was the general opinion, also, that he had been shot at by the Indians, but he did not want it to be known, on account of his family and because it would worry his wife. Besides he was not entirely certain as to who fired and for what purpose.

AFFAIRS AT THE AGENCY.

The Indians were treated well as far as I know. The agency was kept in fine shape. Many improvements were made. A good table was set for the employés and they were only charged $3 50 a week, which is much less than is charged at the other agencies, where it is $4 and $5. The best provisions were used and bought at Rawlins. Mr. Meeker refused to have any Indian blankets or Indian goods in the house so as to be free from all irregularities or charges of corruption. The Indians frequently ate at his private table, and the chiefs came and went when they pleased. They were treated kindly, but not allowed to take charge of the place as they sometimes wanted to do.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

The whole trouble, I think, was because the soldiers were coming in. They got very mad and on Saturday they moved their tents across the river some distance and became uneasy and very anxious to know when the soldiers were coming in and if they were coming to the agency. I did not hear them make any threats against the agent. Douglass' boy shot himself accidentally in the foot and Douglass remained at the river with several other Indians. They ran up American flags on Sunday morning. On that day the Indians were all around the place. There were a good many of Jack's band who seemed to be very friendly, but still they were frightened a little about the soldiers coming in, and on Sunday night all had a big war dance about a quarter of a mile from the agency. There were a good many present, including the principal chiefs, headed by Douglass. Just before daylight on Monday morning Douglass got up and made a big speech to the Utes. The massacre followed on that day. Between the time of the dance and the time of the massacre I heard that Jack said he would meet the soldiers and get them in the canyon, where they would fight. Just before noon on Monday an Indian runner came from where the soldiers were on Milk Creek, and we supposed he brought news to Douglass that they were fighting and perhaps had killed some Utes.

THE MASSACRE.

Douglass and several other Indians came in, and at dinner Douglass was very familiar, laughing and joking in such a manner one would not have thought anything was the matter with him, though he had previously taken his little boy from the school and said the boy was afraid of the soldiers, but that he would bring him back that evening. He picked around the table, was laughing and joking with Mrs. Meeker, Josephine and me. He drank a little coffee and ate some bread and butter. Suddenly he turned around and went out doors. Mr. Price and Mr. Thompson and Frank Dresser were working on the building a few steps from the house. I saw him there when I went out after my little girl. Douglass seemed to be in very good spirits and was joking with the men. I had just returned and began washing some clothes when the Indians fired. I saw, I should judge, about twenty Utes around the houses. The firing party was down at the barn, so Frank Dresser said. I saw one Ute, I don't know his name, fire at Mr. Price and Mr. Thompson and Frank. He was a White River Ute. I saw Mr. Thompson either walking or running with the purpose to escape or because he was shot.

THE WOMEN'S EFFORTS TO ESCAPE.

I rushed in, took my baby and ran to my room. Frank Dresser went to the boys' room, when he found the Indians had stolen all their guns. He ran in after Mr. Price's gun and came out and shot through the window Chief Johnson's brother, who died two days afterward. We then ran to Josephine's room. In a few minutes after twenty or thirty shots crashed through our two windows, and we crawled under the bed. The Indians were shooting all around. I could hear reports of guns in all directions and glass falling from windows. Josephine said the milk room is the safest place, and we ran there as quickly as possible, and reached the milk room just as Frank Dresser came in, and we all sat there quietly. My little boy was very nervous. May was quiet, and we remained there all the afternoon till nearly sundown and until they set the building on fire. The shooting had ceased and we began to see the smoke curling through the cracks. I said:—

"Josie, we have got to get out of here; you take May, I'll take baby and we will try to escape in the sage brush across the road."

She took May's hand and we went out, but first went into Mr. Meeker's room. It was not disturbed. The doors were open and the books were lying on the stand as he had left them. It was at first thought we had better secrete ourselves in there, but I advised that we had better try to escape then, as the Indians were busily engaged in stealing annuity goods. They had broken open the warehouse and were packing blankets on their ponies. We started for the garden, when Frank said:—

"Perhaps we can hide in the sage brush and escape."

He ran through the gate in the field with Mr. Price's rifle. He was near the field when I last saw him, and I did not suppose he was hurt at all. Mrs. Meeker and I went inside the field through the wire fence, and the Indians saw us and came toward us on a run, firing as they ran. Some were afoot and some were on horseback, and they said:—

"Good squaw; come, squaw; no shoot squaw."

We then came out, as it was of no use to run, and gave ourselves up.

IN THE HANDS OF THE SAVAGES.

I hesitated to go with them at first, and told them they would burn me or shoot me, but they said they would not harm us, and then came up and took my hands and pulled me through an irrigating ditch. Then they took me to the river as fast as they could, one on each side of me, to where the horses were, and then seated me on a pile of poles. I asked them if I could go back to the agency and get my money and clothes. They said no. I told them I was thirsty, and a Ute who claimed to be an Uncompaghre—I don't know his name—caught me by the shoulder and led me down to Douglass Spring, where he dipped up a pail of water and drank and then gave it to me. We then went back and the Indian packed his effects on a pony and spread a blanket on the saddle and told me to mount my horse. My boy baby was with me and Mary was with Josephine. She had taken the little girl from the first and carried my oldest child, Mary, all through the captivity. We were in three separate parties, but all in one company, not very far apart, through the different journeys. I mounted the pony and the Indian took a seat behind me. I held the baby in front of me and guided the animal. About eight or ten Indians were in the company. Jim Johnson, a White River Ute, rode out in the party with us. He did not say anything to me only that he was going to take me to the Utes' squaw camp and he said the Utes "no hurt me." I think he had a little whiskey in him.

ON THE JOURNEY.

The road over the large mountains was so steep it was all I could do to sit on the horse. By this time it was quite dark. The Indian that rode behind me pulled a watch out of his pocket and asked me if I recognized it. I told him I thought I did, but could tell better in the morning. He took it from his neck and put the leather guard around my neck and said it was my watch. I have worn the watch ever since. It was Mr. Post's and belonged to his father, and was a family relic. Mr. Post was chief clerk at the agency and had been secretary of the Greeley colony, and was well known in Yonkers, N. Y., where for many years he was Postmaster and also Town Clerk. This Indian treated me tolerably well during the journey.

When we arrived at the camp that night a squaw came and took my little boy from the horse and cried over him like a child. I dismounted and sat down in Pursune's camp. I wasn't at all hungry, and when they offered me coffee, cold meat and bread I could not eat. After a while Pursune's squaw got over her weeping, when they talked and laughed. All I could understand was when they repeated the soldiers' names and counted what number of men they had killed at the agency. They said they had killed nine. At first they said ten, and I told them differently, as I thought Frank had escaped. They asked me how many, and seemed to accept my statement as correct.

A BAD NIGHT AND UNPLEASANT WAKING.

They spread some blankets for me to lie on, but I could not sleep. The moon shone very brightly and everything looked ghastly. In the morning I went to Pursune's tent and sat by the fire. I was cold, for I had nothing to wear except a calico dress and shoes. I sat there weeping—I could not help it—with my little boy in my arms. The squaws came around and talked and looked at me and laughed and made fun of me. I didn't understand what they said, only occasionally a word. After a time some of the men came in and talked to the squaws and looked at me and laughed. The Uncompaghre Ute, in whose charge I seemed to be, went off after his horses, and said at noon he would be back. He came about half-past twelve and brought two horses with him and told me he was going to fight the soldiers. He put on his saddle, tied two blankets behind, put on his cartridge box, containing a good many cartridges, and took his gun and rode off. He said he would send a squaw after me, and I should be moved from that camp and remain until he returned from fighting the soldiers. One of the squaws brought a blanket and gave it to me. I went along with her, and they told me then to go to work and bake some biscuits. I had them build a fire and bring water and I baked biscuits, made coffee and ate pretty heartily myself, the first I had eaten since I left the agency.

A MORE COMFORTABLE NIGHT.

About an hour after supper an old squaw ordered me to go with her to another tent to sleep, so I went to Henry James' tent, where I sat down. They had no fire but soon made one, and the squaws crowded around. Henry asked me a few questions. He said he felt very bad for me. He said he told the Utes not to murder the people at the agency. He had been assisting the issuing clerk and acted as interpreter. He said they were friendly and he liked them very much. He said the Utes told him he was nothing but a little boy for refusing to kill the white men at the agency, but when they called him a boy he said it was too much for him. He had no more to say after that. He asked me if I was going to stay all night in his tent. I said the squaw had brought me over there to sleep. He said, "All right; you stay here all night." So his squaw made me a very nice bed of about ten blankets. I went to bed and she tucked me in quite nicely. I slept well, got up, washed myself, combed my hair and felt pretty well. Henry's squaw cooked breakfast. She made bread and prepared some coffee and fried venison and there was another squaw who brought in some fried potatoes.

I ate breakfast with my little boy in my arms, and presently Chief Johnson came in, looking very angry and troubled. He said gruffly, "Hallo, woman!" and shook hands. He sat down and presently three more Utes came in. Johnson got out his pipe and they all had a smoke around, and they talked about the soldiers and their big battle.

THE WOMEN BROUGHT TOGETHER.

Henry said to me, "You go now with Johnson to see your little girl, who is with Josephine." So I mounted the horse behind Chief Johnson and rode about five miles, and when I came up to Douglass' camp I first saw Mrs. Meeker, and I went up to her, shook hands and kissed her and felt very badly for her. She said:—

"Don't make any fuss."

Josephine and my little girl had been to a brook to get a drink. We sat down and had a nice talk until the squaws came and told me I must go to Johnson's tent and the little girl to Persune's. Miss Josie went down to Johnson's tent, where they put down Mrs. Meeker's comforter for me to sit down on, and asked if I was hungry. I told them yes, and they went to work and cooked some dinner for me.

INDIAN BRAGGADOCIO—A WAR DANCE.

The next day we moved from that place to another camp. It was a very nice place, with grass two feet high, a nice brook of clear, cool water flowing through it. The Indians had killed many soldiers and were prancing around in their coats and hats, putting on airs and imitating soldiers and making fun of them while going through a burlesque drill and making believe they were the greatest warriors in the West. They took a great fancy to my little child and wanted to keep him. They crept into the tent after him, and when they found they could not steal him they offered three ponies for him. In the afternoon, about two o'clock, they cut a lot of sage brush, piled it up and spread over it the clothes they had stolen from the soldiers. Four of the Indians then began to dance around them and at intervals fell on their knees before them and thrust their knives into them and went through a mimic massacre of soldiers. Other Utes kept joining the party that was dancing until a ring was made as big as a good sized house. They would first run away, then turn and dance back the other way, yelling and hollowing like frescoed devils. They had war suits, fur caps with eagle feathers and they looked strangely hideous. They wanted Miss Josie and me to dance with them. We told them we could not. "We no sabe dance."

HOW THE WOMEN WERE TREATED.

That afternoon Mrs. Meeker came over and we had an old-fashioned talk. She told us her troubles. They had threatened to stab her with knives, she said. Charley, Chief Douglass' son-in-law, soon came around in a very bad humor, and as he could speak good English we didn't dare to talk much after he appeared. Mrs. Meeker said she felt as though she might be killed any night; that they treated her very meanly. Josephine seemed downhearted, though she was plucky. I tried to cheer her all I could. The Indians would not let us go alone any distance from the camp. They asked me if I had any money, and I told them I did not, as it was all burned. We asked them where the soldiers were, and they said they were down in that cellar, meaning the great canyon, where they had them hemmed in. They said the Indians would lay around on the mountains and kill the soldiers' horses. The soldiers would not appear at all in the day time. At night they would slip out, only to be shot by the Indians. They threatened if I attempted to run away they would shoot me. Johnson put a gun to my forehead and told me he would kill me. I said:—

"Shoot away. I don't care if I die; shoot if you want to."

He laughed then, and would say:—"Brave squaw; good squaw; no scare."

They also said Josephine would very soon die, as she drank no coffee and ate very little. I told them it was the same at the agency, that she ate little and drank no coffee. They talked it over among themselves and said no more about it. They made fun of Mrs. Meeker, and said maybe the Utes will kill her. I said to them:—"No, don't you kill my mother; I heap like her." "All right," they would say. "Pretty good mother; pretty good mother." Coho pointed his gun at me and threatened to kill me many times.

INDIANS CONCERNED IN THE MASSACRE.

The Indians held considerable conversation with each other in regard to the massacre and tried to get information from us. They told various stories how the fight occurred and who were concerned in it. From all that I heard of their talk I think Antelope or Pauvitz shot the agent. Chief Johnson said he shot Thornburgh in the forehead three times with his pistol, and then got off his pony and he went to him and pounded him in the head and smashed his skull all in. Then took some of his clothes off, but I did not see any of them worn in camp. The Indians Ebenezer, Douglass, Persune, Tim Johnson and Charley Johnson were at the agency massacre. Jack was not there. He was fighting the soldiers. Johnson's brother Iata was killed by Frank Dresser. Washington was on the ground. They all had guns and helped to shoot. Josephine said she saw an Indian named Creep there. I did not see any of the bodies at the agency. I only heard the firing and saw the Indians shooting toward the buildings where the men were working.

INDIAN INTENTIONS—A DUSTY MARCH.

The Utes said they were going to kill all the soldiers, and that the women should always live in the Utes' camp, excepting Mrs. Meeker. Douglass said she could go home by and by, when she would perhaps see Frank Dresser, who, the Indians thought, had escaped. They made me do more drudgery than they did Josephine. They made her cook and made me carry water. They told me to saddle the pony, and I told them I didn't know how. One day we left camp about three o'clock in the morning. We had no breakfast, only Josephine and I had roasted some meat on the coals in the morning, and we rode all day in the thick dust without water. We reached Grand River about sundown, where we camped in the sage brush. To the south the mountains were very high and the country was bleak and bare on the north. The Indians said they were going to take us to the agency. The next morning we went about five or six miles and camped in a grassy place where the horses could get plenty to eat, and remained there two days. We were camped very near a large mountain.

WATCHING THE SOLDIERS.

Johnson had field glasses and all day with his field glass he was watching the soldiers, and would only come down to his supper. The Indians took turns watching during the night, and during the day they covered the hills and watched the soldiers through their glasses. Runners came in with foaming steeds constantly. At last news was received that the soldiers were on the White River, moving south. At this Johnson was very angry. In the morning the ponies were uneasy, and they could not catch them. Johnson's young squaw did not get around to suit him, so he took a black snake whip, caught her by the hair and gave her a severe whipping. She cried and screamed. He then went to help his other squaw, Susan, Chief Ouray's sister, pack up. They put us on one horse and strapped my little girl in a blanket behind Josephine. I had my baby in front of me. Johnson was very mad and pointed his gun at each one of us. I told him to shoot away and asked him to shoot me in the forehead. He said:—

"No, good squaw; no scare."

We started for another camping place south of the Grand River.

GENERAL ADAMS' ARRIVAL.

At last, one evening, we heard that white men were coming from the Uncompahgre agency for Chief Ouray to treat for our release. The next day the men came, and I told Johnson's squaw that we wanted to wash some clothes. She gave us some matches and a couple of kettles, and I went down to the creek to wash. While I was there Jim Johnson came with a couple of shirts for me to cleanse. He then went away, but soon came back again and said to me:—

"Don't you come to the camp, for we are going to have a big talk with all the Utes. Don't come until Coos comes down after you." Coos is his young squaw. Mrs. Meeker and I remained there in the brush all day, and dinner was sent to us by the squaws. Mrs. Meeker felt very much revived. You would not have thought she was the same woman. Captain Cline saw me in the brush and I held up my hands. He seemed to be looking at me, but presently he turned away as if the Indians were watching him. He did not let them know he saw me. Presently a Ute came down and said to Mrs. Meeker, "Come, mother; white man saw." So I took the clothes which I had washed under my arm and we walked joyfully to the tent. There we met General Adams, Captain Cline, Mr. Sherman, the Los Pinos Agency clerk, and their party. They spoke to Mrs. Meeker first and said, "How do you do?" with a deep and pathetic emphasis. They then shook hands with us until our hearts burned. One of the men said, "Can you give me a description of your captivity?" and we sat down and had a talk. The Utes all laughed at us. We did not have but a few minutes' conversation, for fear it would not be good for us. Mrs. Meeker was talking with General Adams. He said she looked as if she were starved. He gave her a piece of cracker and some oysters. The Indians had already opened the cans, but not knowing what they were they looked on with surprise, but they ate all the canned fruit and got away with some blankets.

THE DAYS OF CAPTIVITY.

In regard to my days of captivity I can only say the Indians were at times lively and joked with us, so that I was forced to laugh a good many times at their strange humor when I did not feel like it. It seemed to please them very much. They would say, "*Wano momets*" (good woman). When Josephine came in they would say she was cross. She was very much grieved, and when her blood was up she talked to them in a lively strain and made them treat Mrs. Meeker better. After Johnson and Mrs. Meeker had talked together about the agent Mrs. Meeker came to Johnson's to stay. He treated her with great care. Previously she was not welcomed. The meanest thing they did to the poor little woman was to frighten her with their knives and horrible grimaces and bad stories. They tried to scare us all out of our wits.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE INDIANS.

I think Douglass is the worst of the Indians. Jack is pretty mean also—mean enough for any purpose, no matter how bad. Johnson is the best. Johnson's wife was very kind. She treated me just like a mother, though sometimes when tired she would order me to get water. She treated my little girl very kindly, made moccasins for her, and she grieved over her and my boy as if they were her own. She said the Utes had killed the child's papa; "Utes no good." She was for peace. She was Chief Ouray's sister, and Ouray was friendly to the whites and had sent messages to her to see that the whites were not abused and should be returned soon.

MR. MEEKER BLAMED.

The Indians laid all blame on Mr. Meeker. They said he brought the soldiers in and would have Jack, Pawvitty and Douglass and other chiefs, including Johnson, taken up for stealing and put in the calaboose. They said Meeker made great pictures of his being shot and had sent them to Washington. The Indians said they afterward found these pictures on Thornburgh's body; that they had been sent by Meeker so as to inflame the soldiers, as the pictures represented the treatment the agency employés would receive from the Indians, and the soldiers must come to prevent it.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

After we were released we stopped all night at Johnson's camp, and started early the next morning on ponies for the wagons, which had been left at the end of the road, about forty miles south toward the Uncompaghre River. General Adams had left us and gone to see the soldiers, so Captain Cline was in charge of the party and our escort to the wagons on our way back. The Indian escort, which had accompanied us for a time, left us, and Captain Cline grew suspicious. He was an old pioneer, had served in the army and had fought the Indians in New Mexico and travelled over the Western country so much that, although a great friend of Ouray and his Indians, still he was suspicious of these savages and thought that, while the escort had been with the White River Indians, they had become corrupted. So when he saw that they had left us he put spurs to his horse and rushed on ahead of the party to where the wagons were. He was afraid that they would cut the harness to pieces or do some mischief to prevent the captives from leaving immediately. This would keep them in the neighborhood, so that in case General Adams failed in stopping hostilities by a general powwow they could recapture us and hold us as hostages for a further treaty.

INDIAN TREACHERY.

Captain Cline reached the wagons in a short time and, as he suspected, found the Indians seated around the wagons in a body with most of the blankets lying on the ground already divided among them. They had also got hold of the boxes of provisions and canned fruit which General Adams had brought from Los Pinos for us. They had burst them open and were eating the contents. Captain Cline is personally acquainted with many of the Indians, and he completely astonished them. Jumping off his horse he threw the reins on the ground, and, rushing forward in great anger, he shouted:—"Chief Ouray shall hear of this, and will settle with you!"

The Captain then picked up an axe and began to split kindling wood to prepare for the captives. His object was to keep the axe in his hand and be master of the situation until the main party should arrive. He feared treachery, and, putting on a bold front, he made it pretty lively for the Indians. They fell back, got off the blankets and gave up the canned fruit. Captain Cline threw the blankets on the wagon with what canned provisions there were left. Shortly after this occurrence we arrived with Major Sherman. We then travelled on to Chief Ouray's house.

CHIEF OURAY'S SAGACITY.

Captain Cline was met by Ouray at the gate. The good chief looked at him a moment and said:—

"Captain, tell me how you found things when you reached the wagons."

The Captain was surprised, but narrated the facts as I have stated. Ouray listened a moment and grimly smiling, said:—

"Yes, you reached the wagons at such a time and you found Utes around the wagons eating fruit. I know all about it. Ouray not a fool. I had good and true Indians in the mountains around the wagons. They look down and see bad Indians, and then when wagons start safely the good Indians run back to Ouray on fast horses and tell Ouray, and Ouray make up his mind about it. Bad Ute can't fool Ouray."

The chief said this in broken English to the Captain, but when he spoke to Mr. Pollock he conversed in eloquent and melodious Spanish, for he had been educated among the Spanish Mexicans of Taos, down on the border, and his words are always delivered with great fluency.

AT OURAY'S HOUSE—THE JOURNEY TO CIVILIZATION.

We were well treated at Ouray's house. It had Brussels carpet, window curtains, stoves, good beds, glass windows, spittoons, rocking chairs, camp stools, mirrors and an elegantly carved bureau. We were received as old and long lost friends. Mrs. Ouray wept for our hardships, and her motherly face, dusky but beautiful with sweetness and compassion, was wet with tears. We left her crying. From this point we took the United States mail coaches, with fleet horses and expert drivers. The journey, over lofty mountains for three days and one night, brought us out of the San Juan country to the swiftly flowing Rio Grande. The Indian reservation was seventy miles behind us. Two ranges of mountains lay between us and that land of captivity and terror. We could not forget the noble Ouray and his true friends who lived there, yet it made our tired hearts beat rapturously when we saw the steam cars at Alamosa.

FLORA E. PRICE.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 31, 1879.

THE UTE TROUBLES.

AFFAIRS PEACEFUL AT THE UNITAH AGENCY—A LETTER FROM MISS MEEKER WHEN IN CAPTIVITY.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1879.

Agent Cretchlow writes to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from the Unitah Ute Agency, under date of October 19, that nearly all of those Indians were then on the reservation and exceedingly well disposed. Although they had been much excited and frightened by the news from White River, they had become calm, and he had entire confidence that he could keep them so. He mentions, however, that four or five of his Indians were reported to have joined the White River Utes. Agent Cretchlow encloses an interesting note received by him from Miss Josephine Meeker. It is written on the back of a label detached from some Indian calico goods and reads as follows, the pencilled chirography being remarkably firm and beautiful:—

GRAND RIVER, 40 TO 50 MILES FROM AGENCY, Oct. 10, 1879.

TO UINTAH AGENT:—

I send this by one of your Indians. If you get it, do all in your power to liberate us as soon as possible. I do not think they will let us go of their own accord. You will do me a great service to inform Mary Meeker, at Greeley, Col., that we are well and may get home some time. Yours, &c.,

JOSEPHINE MEEKER,
United States Indian Agent's daughter.

[From the Evening Telegram of yesterday.]

REPORT FROM THE HOSTILE CAMP—THE CHIEFS DESIROUS OF A BIG TALK—UTE ALLIES IN CASE OF A WAR—MORMON DEVILTRY—MERRITT'S IMPATIENCE.

RAWLINS, Wy. T., Oct. 31, 1879.

The following, dated the 26th inst., is received from your special correspondent, with General Merritt, by courier:—

S. P. Dillman, a farmer from near the Uintah Agency, arrived at General Merritt's camp this morning. He says the hostile Utes are encamped on Grand River, about eighty miles south of this camp, and that Chiefs Yumpa Jack (sometimes called Ute Jack) and Douglass accompanied him to within seven miles from here. It seems that they were not fully satisfied with the conference with Commissioner Adams, for they send word through Mr. Dillman that they want to come in and have a peace talk with General Merritt, believing him to be best able to decide about peace, since he is provided with the sinews of war.

ANXIETY OF THE CHIEFS.

Dillman reports that there are sixty-five lodges of Indians on Grand River and several more lodges below. He confirms the fact that many of the Squaws remain with the warrior Utes. Colorado, whose Spanish name has been perverted into Colorow, is the head chief of the hostile encampment. Douglass is next and Jack next. Douglass, upon whose friendship Agent Meeker relied to the very day when Thornburgh was attacked, turns out to be a fraud, or at least to have been coerced into the vilest treachery. It is Jack, so Mr. Dillman says, who, among the three chiefs, expresses the most anxious wish for a full talk and explanation with General Merritt. He claims that Meeker brought on all the trouble by stating that when Thornburgh's soldiers arrived they would hang all the bad Indians. This would be an interesting question to investigate. It can readily be imagined that the agent might have made use of some such idle threat without fully appreciating the heat of the volcano underneath him, and that the Indians, who are children as well as savages, construed it literally.

THE POSSIBLE ALLIES OF THE UTES.

Dillman says that if the war should continue the Utes will have the assistance of the Arapahoes, Shoshones, Sioux and Uintah Utes. He says there are not now more than twenty-five of the Uintahs at the Uintah Agency, although he does not think the remainder of the Uintahs are at the hostile camp. The story that the other tribes are ready for a hostile alliance is not credited here. The Arapahoes have been, at latest accounts, the enemies instead of the allies of the Utes, although there was some kind of a treaty between the two tribes last winter. There are no Sioux warriors anywhere within hail, and the friendship of the Shoshones to the whites and the government has recently been avouched to the Governor of Wyoming on the authority of their principal chief, Washakie. In the meantime General Merritt awaits orders from Washington and does not contemplate any movement until he receives such orders, which he expects about the 3d or 4th of November.

MORMONS ADDING THE WAR.

Aside from the news thus sent from the *Telegram's* correspondent with General Merritt, it is learned, through documents brought by the same courier, some of them official, that Dillman was accompanied by an interpreter named McLean, from the Uintah Agency. They report the Uintah reservation, which is the westernmost and the one nearest the Mormon settlements, to be abandoned, except by some twenty-five Utes. Dillman and his companion, when approaching Merritt's command through the hostile White River Ute camp, represented themselves as Mormons, and thus gained the confidence of the hostile Indians. The latter, after awhile, communicated with Dillman freely and, deluded by his profession of Mormonism, told him that they had the sympathy of the Mormons and were receiving Mormon assistance. In case the war was continued they declared they would also have the aid of the Uintahs, Snakes, Arapahoes and some bands of Sioux. "Ute Jack" sent word by Dillman to General Merritt that he very much wanted to come in and have a big talk. General Merritt, mindful of his recent instructions from his superiors, refused to receive Jack or any other Indian.

Joe Barnett, the courier, says the stock with the command is getting very poor for absolute want of hay. Horses and mules are feeding on the tops of sage brush. General Merritt, according to the scout, said, in a moment of impatience, that he would have no more fooling with the hostiles and that if they committed any more depredations or killed any more of his men, as they did Lieutenant Wier and the scout Humme, he would make it hot for them, orders or no orders.

DESPATCHES FROM GENERAL MERRITT.

Special despatches from General Merritt have arrived for General Crook, to whom they will be telegraphed at Omaha. General Merritt asks for another pack train. In the meantime a courier on the way to Merritt urges him to send back all wagons he can spare in order that they may be used for sending on from here his winter supplies.

MERRITT'S OWN MEN.

Merritt also asks that companies D and F of his own regiment, the Fifth cavalry, be sent to him from here, instead of being transferred for active service to another command. He communicates news which corresponds exactly with that sent to the *Telegram* nearly a fortnight ago of a shorter and better road to Rawlins from White River. Col. Henry, sent out with an exploring party, has just reported a route between Bear and White rivers, twenty-five miles shorter than the one when the courier left.

INDIAN AGENCY JUSTICE.

"IF A YOUNG BUCK KILLS A WHITE MAN SEND HIM TO SCHOOL"—DANGEROUS COWARDICE IN OFFICIAL POSITION.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, M. T., Oct. 23, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

An occurrence which threatens very serious consequences has taken place at this agency, and as it is a matter which concerns all white men here, as well as the general public, I take the liberty of placing at your disposal such details as I have gathered from the most authentic sources. On Sunday, the 19th inst., an employé of the agency named Henry Young was burning charcoal in the canyons situated near the sawmill road. A young buck, about twenty-two years of age, armed with a bow and arrow, rode up to him and begged something to eat, stating that he had not had a morsel of anything for two days. Young invited him to alight and furnished him with a hearty meal. The Indian thanked Young and mounted his pony. Young turned away, and, taking his axe, began to chop kindling wood, having no longer a thought of the Indian, who, instead of leaving, rode off for a rod or so, and, taking deliberate aim, shot Young in the back. The arrow struck just below the shoulder blade, and, according to the diagnosis of Dr. Faulkner, the agency surgeon, transfixed the poor man's lung and liver. Young, on receiving the wound, sprang to his cabin and made believe to reach for a gun. On seeing this he buck put spurs to his pony and galloped off. Young walked about two miles in his wounded condition, with the arrow in his back, when he, fortunately, was overtaken by the mail carrier, who brought him in to the agency. The surgeon was immediately called upon, and by severing the sinews which bound the shaft to the arrow head drew out the wood, but found it impossible to get the iron arrow head, which was barbed. Spotted Tail and the head chiefs were notified and recognized who the Indian murderer was from the way in which the arrow shaft was made. By orders from Spotted Tail the rascal was arrested and brought before the agent. Of course a large number of Indians gathered about the agency, but all were willing to let the "white man's justice" take its course. The agent, according to all accounts, completely lost his head and knew not what to do, so he turned him over to the Indians. These latter urged (headed by Spotted Tail) upon the agent to send the murderer to some place where he could be tried according to white men's laws. But the agent seemed to have lost all courage, physical and moral, and, by his own relation of the matter, was under the most false impression (as every one else assures me it was false) that should he have sent the Indian away under arrest there would have been an outbreak, "and no white men, women or children would have been left at the agency, and the agency buildings would all have been burned down." So, as he concluded, "I knew the department would not have upheld me had an outbreak been brought about through my making the arrest, and therefore thought 'discretion the better part of valor.'" All other sources have it that merely personal fear of an abject kind made him act as he did.

SEND HIM TO SCHOOL.

After the agent let the fellow go the Indians again arrested him and brought him before the agent. By this time the young buck's friends had gathered together and said that they were willing the murderer should be punished by white men's law, but they would not allow him to be shot down here. Spotted Tail and the chiefs offered to send the man to Randall, and declared their willingness to do all and everything in their power to uphold the treaty, but the agent, yet more possessed by fear, said he "would send him to school at Carlyle Barracks for three years," and then again let him go. The saying here now is in every one's mouth—"If an Indian kills a white man we'll send him to school."

The agent says, "There were fifty Indians ready to shoot in my office," and that it would have been a second Meeker affair. On being asked what he intended to do he answered, "What can I do—I have no force at my back." Spotted Tail sent me word that he would like to have his version of the matter given to the public, and says that he is now tired of civil agents and wants military ones. To-day I put myself at the chief's disposal, intending to forward his "talk" to you, but he now says that he will wait, as the agent has promised to send a true (?) version of the matter to Washington and will furnish him with a copy. I understand the agent has been prolific of gifts.

It is needless to say that everybody here is most indignant at the agent's conduct, and all say that it is outrageous to let this murderer go unpunished. No one can feel himself safe, and the Indians and squaw men say that through the pusillanimous behavior of the agent probably more white men will lose their lives. The Chief of Police, David Gallineau, has just this moment told me that the murderer is now in the agent's office, with his friends, and offers to go wherever he wishes to send him. The agent has replied that he will wait until he hears from Washington.